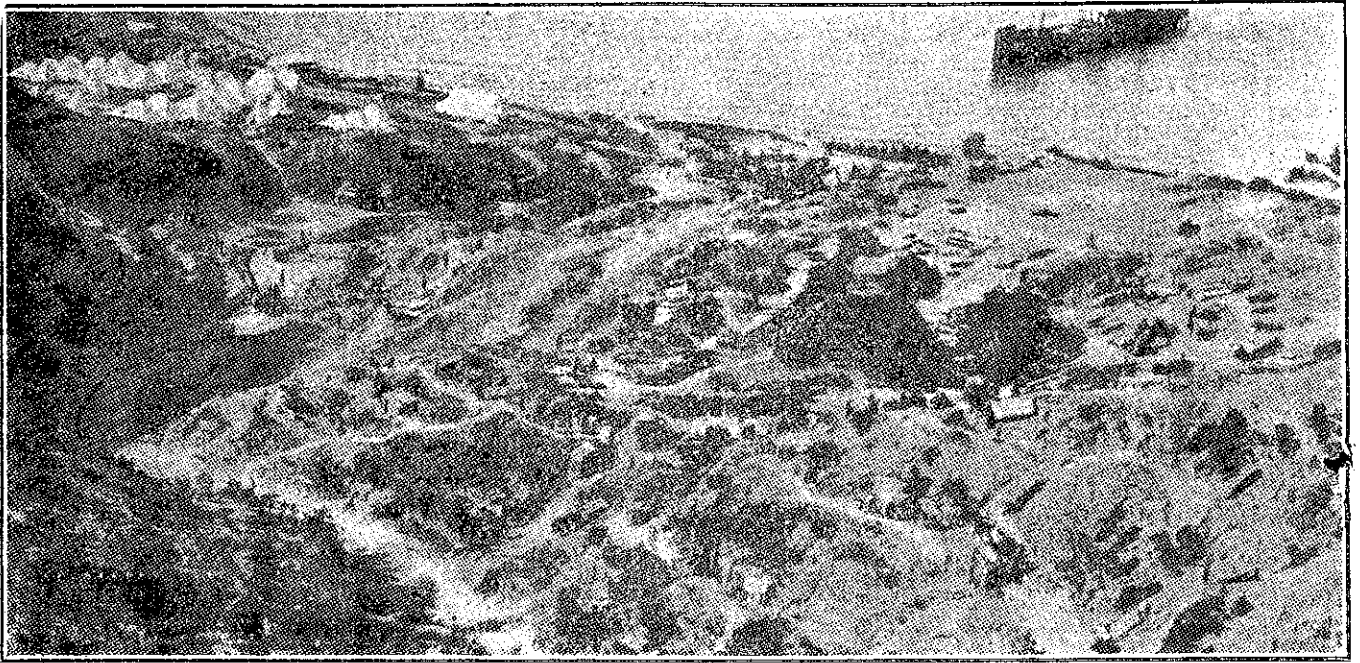


THE MAN THEY LEFT



HISTORY WAS MADE ON BROKEN HILLS OF ANZAC

LAST week the "troopships" Maungani and Monowai left Wellington with 1300 ex-soldiers to attend the Anzac Day celebrations in Sydney during the 150th Anniversary year of New South Wales.

The scenes at the wharfside were reminiscent of the war days. The men sang the old songs and shouted to their friends, and the bugles rang out a farewell.

On the hillside in Wellington was a New Zealander who had seen nearly 60 years of soldiering. He had fought in the Boer War and the Great War. He was not going on the troopships to Sydney.

As a boy in Timaru, he had seen the troops come back from Parihaka, in Taranaki. That was in 1881, when Te Whiti, the Maori prophet, was quietly defying the New Zealand Government. The men had marched through the streets of Timaru in their blue serge uniforms with Glen-garry caps, singing "The Spanish Cavalier."

"I was gone from that moment," Colonel J. G. Hughes told me. "I knew I'd be a soldier."

The Officer Snorted

HIS brother was a sergeant in the battery at Timaru. The boy joined up with the battery as a gunner. Colonel Newall, the officer in charge, inspected the five new recruits that long-ago day on parade.

He came to the youngster, stopped and snorted. The man to-day is very small, he was even smaller then.

The colonel put the recruits through some of the manual. The youngster had learned it all up from his brother, and he did well.

"That second man from the right will be a smart gunner," said Colonel Newall.

Recruit J. G. Hughes—known to his friends as "Jackie"—stuck out his chest with pride.

"My chest was sore with sticking out that night," he told me last week.

It was the army for him from then on, and a career that has brought him adventure and risk and the happiness of rich memories—and some heartbreaks.

THIS week the men of Anzac, from New Zealand and Australia, have joined in Sydney to honour their dead comrades and to revive the memories of those days of hell and heroism on Gallipoli. Few people knew, until Colonel J. G. Hughes told the tale from 2YA last week, that the whole undertaking was nearly abandoned almost as soon as the landing had taken place. The strange tale of how those days might never have been is told here for "Record" readers in an interview with the man whom last week the Anzacs left behind them.

ONE of them must have been that of being left behind last week when the troopships sailed for Sydney.

"I thought you would have been on the way to Australia by now," I said.

"Well," he said, "I had hoped . . ."

He stopped there, and left it at that. And as he told me about his soldiering days and the Boer War, and the landing at Anzac Cove, the wistfulness went out of his eyes.

All the same, I could not help wondering why something hadn't been done about it. It seemed odd to think that while all his comrades were in Sydney, the senior returned soldier of New Zealand, the first New Zealander to earn his commission in the field, and the first New Zealander to win the D.S.O., should be sitting alone on his verandah in Wellington.

Listeners Were Lucky

THAT, as it happened, was a good thing for listeners.

They heard him tell from Station 2YA for the NBS last week the strange story of the decision to evacuate Gallipoli on the first night of the landing—a decision that was altered at the eleventh hour. It is a story which few people know of a moment that might have appreciably changed the course of history. He told it to me for "Record" readers.

AS soon as the Great War broke out, Colonel Hughes had volunteered, aged 49. But at first, General Godley, officer in command of the New Zealand Forces, would not take him. He sent him to Palmerston to take command of the district. At the end of a fortnight he wired to Colonel Hughes to come as his military secretary. They sailed for Egypt.

From Alexandria they set off in the Lutzow, a German ship commandeered by the Allies, for landlocked Mudros Harbour. There the troops practised landing.

Soon they sailed on for Anzac Cove. The Lutzow threaded her way through the enormous number of ships in Mudros Harbour, with bands playing, flags flying, and cheering from the men.

She threaded through the British Fleet, then through